

The Saturday Evening Post.

VOLUME I.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 14, 1822.

NUMBER 59.

PRINTED BY ATKINSON & ALVAN BAKER,
No. 53 MARKET STREET,
Four doors below Second st.—north side.

CONDITIONS.

The Saturday Evening Post is published once a week, at two dollars per annum, payable half yearly in advance, or THREE DOLLARS if not paid before the end of the year.
Subscribers will have the privilege to insert an advertisement, throughout the year, to the extent of half a square, at two dollars additional, with an allowance for alterations. Non-subscribers pay the usual prices. A wish to discontinue the paper must be made known before the expiration of the time subscribed for, or the engagement will be considered good for another six months.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LINES.

Thy summer sun has set,
And darkness on thee hours;
With silent fond regret
I mourn those sunny hours,
When joy before thee springing,
Brought pleasures ever new,
And time was daily bringing
Thy fairer tints to view.

The day of glory's past,
The splendour all is o'er,
And life now fleeting fast,
Shall see thee great no more:
The fame's remotest story
May oft record thy name,
Nought now of present glory
Shall e'er win wreaths of fame.

The heart's best hope resign'd,
O say what can renew?
The glorious pearl of mind
Once own'd so fair by you;
As spring shall never revive
The wither'd leaves that fall,
So vainly may you strive
Its beauties to recall!

Thine eye that once so bright
Bea'm'd with a spark divine,
The diamond's richest light
A rival found in thine;
Now dimm'd with glooming care,
Its heavenly spark hath fled,
And looks of drear despair
In all its beams are shed.

Let! passion's wasteful sway
Has left thee but to feel,
Now reason's latent ray
In vain may o'er thee steal,
The shortest'd hours that late
Give to thy life allow,
Shall tell thee that too late
Is reformation now.

The world is not for thee,
'Tis all in vain you roam
A happier spot to see
Than now thy present home;
Existence wasted plain
Extended round thee lies,
And all thy hopes are vain,
Save those that reach the skies.

RECLUSE.

BENEVOLENCE.

Happy is the man who is free from envy, who wishes and rejoices in his neighbour's prosperity, being contented with his own condition, and delighted at the good fortune of those around him; his sympathetic breast beats in unison with the sufferer, and from his little store bestows a generous mite to the children of poverty. Enjoyment attends him through the various walks of life, and misfortune rests lightly on his head—the morsel which he eats is sweet and nourishing—the water which he drinks is cool and refreshing—and the straw which supports his weary limbs, soothes him in soft forgetfulness. When he visits his neighbours in trouble, such benignity appears in his countenance, that the eye of sorrow wears a smile and the distressed breast ceases to heave a sigh. Like a minister of peace, he is received among them, and his words prove the oil of consolation. Surely he, above the rest of his fellow mortals, partakes of heaven here below, and a bliss which none but the virtuous ever claim.

grandeur, yet suited in its unpretending and venerable solemnity the character of that lonely and lovely place. He descended into the vale, and happy, he knew not why, walked along the widening stream, till he found himself in a lawn, and close by the Mansion which he had discerned from the hill above, but which had till now been concealed by a grove. At this moment, just as he was about to turn back, two Ladies stood close beside him, and with a slight embarrassment the stranger explained to them how unconsciously he had been led to intrude upon their privacy, and after that salutation, was about to retire. But the impression which elegant and cultivated minds make on each other in a moment, when unexpectedly brought together in a situation calculated to show something of their character, now prevented so sudden a parting,—and they who had thus casually met, having entered into conversation, began in a few minutes to feel almost like friends. The stranger, who had been led into this vale by a sort of romantic impulse, could not help feeling as if this meeting were almost an adventure. And it was no doubt an impressive thing to a young Englishman wandering among the Highland mountains, to form an acquaintance in this way with two such persons as those with whom he was now engaged in pleasant conversation. They seemed to be Mother and Daughter;—and when, after about half an hour's walk, the stranger found himself in a spacious and elegant room, the guest of a high-bred and graceful Lady in a widow's weeds, and apparently with one beautiful daughter in her retirement, he could scarcely help thinking that the vague imagination which had led him thither under the Rainbow's arch, might have some influence even on the complexion of his future life. He had long been a melancholy man; and minds of that character are often the most apt to give way to sudden emotions of gladness. He closed up all remembrance of one fatal incident in his life under a heap of fresh-springing and happy thoughts and feelings; and animated by the novelty of his situation, as well as by the interesting character of those whose hospitality he was now sharing, never had he felt so free from anxiety and sorrow, and so like his former self, nor so capable of the enjoyment of life and every thing around him that was beautiful and enlivening. As the evening drew on, his heart was sad to think that, as he had come a stranger, so like a stranger must he be departing; but these few hours had sunk into his heart, and he would remember them as long as he lived, and in the remotest parts of the earth.

Does it require long time, days, weeks, months, and years, to enable human beings to love one another? Does the human heart slowly and suspiciously lay up one kind thought after another, till the measure of its affection be full? May gentle words and kindling smiles pass from the lips, and yet the heart remain cold and untouched, and willing to lose sight of, and to forget the object of its transitory tenderness? It may be so with many, for the accidents of time teach different lessons, all equally necessary and wholesome perhaps to different hearts; but before human nature has been sorely afflicted, tried, or deceived, its temper is open to kindness and to joy; and attracted by the sympathies of a common nature, why may not those who are strangers to-day, be friends to-morrow? Nor does the deepest affliction always close up the fountains of love in the human soul. The saddest turn often is sudden restoration to the gay and joyful; like light streaming in upon a prisoner through the bars of his dungeon, is the smile on faces not yet bedimmed with grief, to the man of many miseries; and he who hugs his sorrows close to his soul, will often at once lay down that rueful burden to which he has so long clung with infatuated despair, at the sight of youth, beauty, and innocence, rejoicing before him in untamed, fearless, and triumphant bliss. There are often, also, sudden revelations of sympathy made between human beings by a word, a tone, a look, or a smile; truth is then conveyed suddenly and easily into their spirits, and from that moment they rest assured of each other's affection, and each other's worth, as much as if they had been mutually known for years. If there were not those strong and prevailing tendencies in our nature, the paths of human life would be barren indeed; or the friendships that spring up over them would, in general, be sown by the hand of interest or self-love. But nature follows other processes; and love and friendship, at first sight, often spring up as necessarily as flowers expand from bud into blossom, in the course of a few sunny and dewy hours of one vernal morning.

The young English stranger felt this when the hour of his departure was come, and when the Mother and Daughter accompanied him down the vale, in the dusk of the evening, on his way from Glen-Crean, never more to return. Little was said as they walked along, and they who, a few hours before, had not known of each other's existence, were now about to say farewell with sighs, almost with tears.

At length the stranger paused, and said, "Never will I forget this day, this glen, and those from whom I now part. I will remember them all, when my soul is sad, which it ever must be as long as I live.—Take the blessing of a wounded heart. La-

dies, farewell!" and his eyes, dim with emotion, at that moment met those of that beautiful maiden, turned upon him with a heavenly expression of pity, and at last even stained with irrepressible tears. A black scowl was in the heavens, and darkened the green mount on which they stood; a long dreary sigh of wind came rustling down the vale, and there was a low muttering of distant thunder. "This will be a night of storms," said the Lady, looking kindly towards the stranger. "It is not Highland hospitality to let a guest depart at dark, and in a tempest—you must return with us to our house;" and a huge thunderous cloud, that overshadowed half the vale, was an argument not to be resisted;—so the party returned together; and just as they reached the house, the long loud rattle was heard along the hills, and the river, swollen on a sudden by the deluging rain, roared along the swinging woods, till the whole valley was in a tumult. It was a true Highland night; and the old house rocked like a ship at sea.

But the walls of the Mansion (which had once been a castle) were thick and massive, and the evening passed happily along within, while the thunder and the winds, and the torrents, and the blasts, were all raging without in one united and most dismal howl. These Ladies had not passed all their lives in a Highland glen, and they conversed with their guest about foreign countries which they had all visited. The harp was touched, and the wild Gaelic airs sounded still more wildly among the fitful pauses of the storm. She who played and sang was no sorceress inhabiting an enchanted castle; but she was a young, graceful, and beautiful girl of nineteen, innocent as beautiful, and therefore a more powerful sorceress than any that ever wound the invisible lines of her spell round Knight of Romance. At the conclusion of one air, a Chieftain's Lament, the mother heaved a deep sigh; and in the silence that ensued, the artless girl said to the stranger, who was standing beside her entranced by the wailing strain, "My poor dead brother used to love that air,—I ought not to have sung it." But that mood passed away; and before retiring to rest, the stranger said gaily, "Your wandering guest's name is Ashton." "We are Stuart's," was the reply; and in an hour the house was buried in sleep.

The stranger alone was wakeful. Not for several years had he been so happy as during this day and evening; and the image of that lovely girl beside her harp, sweetly singing, while the wild night was roaring in the glen, could not leave his thoughts. Even when, towards morning, he fell asleep, she was in his dreams; and then it seemed as if they had been long friends—as if they were betrothed—and had fixed their marriage day. From these visions he awoke, and heard the sound of the mountain torrent roaring itself to rest, and the trees swinging less fiercely in the weakened blast. He then recollected where he was—his real condition returned upon him—and that sweet maiden was then to him only a phantom once seen, and to smile upon him no more. He rose at sunrise, and, from the window, contemplated the gradual dying away of the storm—the subsiding of the torrent that became visibly less and less every minute—the calm that slowly settled on the woods—the white mists rolled up the mountain's side—still, at last, a beautiful, calm, serene, and sunny day took possession of the sky, and Glen-Crean lay below, in smiling and joyful beauty, a wild paradise, where the world might be forgotten, and human life pass away like a dream.

It was the Sabbath-day, and Glen-Crean, that, a few hours ago, had been as loud as the sea, was now not only hushed in the breathing repose of nature, but all rural labour was at rest; and it might almost have been said, that the motionless clouds, the deep blue vault, the fragrant air, and the still earth, were all united together in one sweet spirit of devotion. No shepherd shouted on the mountain—no reapers were in the half-shorn fields,—and the fisherman's net was hung up to dry in the sunshine. When the party met again in the parlour whose wide window opening down to the floor let in the pure fragrance of the roses and honey-suckles, and made the room a portion, as it were, of the rich wooded scenery, there was blended with the warmth and kindness of the morning salutation, a solemn expression belonging to the hallowed day, and to the religious state of feeling which it inspired. The subdued and almost melancholy air of the matron was now more touching and impressive, as she was dressed in darker widow's weeds for the house of God; and the sweet countenance of Mary Stuart, which, the night before, had beamed with almost a wild gladness, was now beaming over by a pensive piety, so truly beautiful at all times on a woman's features. The Kirk was some miles distant; but they were prepared to walk to it; and Edward Ashton, without speaking on the subject at all, accompanied them on their way to Divine service.

To an Englishman, who had never before seen a Highland Sabbath, the scene was most delightful, as the opening of every little glen brought upon him some new interesting groups, journeying tranquilly towards Appin Kirk. Families were coming down together into the wider strath, from their green nests among the solitude; and friendly greetings were interchanging on all sides, in that wild tongue which, to his ear, seemed so well suited to a land of mountains. The many-coloured Highland tartan mixed with the pure white of dresses from the Lowlands; and that mingling of different costumes in the same group gave intimation of the friendly intercourse now subsisting constantly between the dwellers of hill and of plain. Noisy equipages came sweeping by. Almost all the assembling congregation were on foot—here and there an old man on a rough mountain pony—there perhaps man and wife on a stronger steed—and there a cart with an invalid, or the weak or aged, with a due accompaniment of children. The distinction of ranks was still visible, but it was softened down by one pervading spirit of humble Christianity. So trooped they along to the House of God—the clearinkle of the bell was heard—the seats were filled—and the whole vale echoed to the voice of psalms. Divine grace was, at this time, performed in the English language, and the Kirk was decently silent in sincere and unostentatious devotion.

During service the Englishman chanced to fix his eyes on a small monumental slab in the wall above the seat, and he read these words—**SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES STUART, LATE CAPTAIN IN THE FORTY-SECOND REGIMENT, WHO DIED AT VIENNA, THIRD AUGUST, 17—.** A mortal sickness instantly struck his heart, and in that agony, which was indeed almost a swoon of the soul, he wished that he were dead, or buried in solitude many thousand miles away from the place where he now lay. He fixed his eyes upon the countenances—first of the mother—and then of her daughter, and a resemblance which he had not discovered before, now grew upon him stronger and stronger, to one in his grave, and whom he once would have sacrificed his own life to reanimate. He was sitting in the House of God with the mother and the sister of the man whose blood he had shed! The place—the name—the day of the month—left no possibility of doubt. And now many other corroborative circumstances came upon him in that ghastly fit. He remembered the daughter saying after that lament sung to the harp, "I ought not to have sung it; for my poor dead brother used to delight in that air." The murderer of that poor dead brother had come wandering to a solitary mansion among the mountains, impelled by some evil spirit, and was now sitting below his monument along with her who had given him birth. But every one was intent upon the service of God—and his white face, white as a sheet, was observed by none. By degrees he felt the blood circulating again from his stricken heart, he began to breathe more freely, and had just strength to stand up when the congregation rose to prayer. He saw glimmering and unsteady beside him the meek placid countenances of the widow and her daughter, and turned away his eyes from them, to fix them again on that inscription to which they were drawn by a hideous spell. He heard not the closing benediction—but was relieved in some degree by the fresh air that whispered through the trees, as he found himself walking by the side of his almost unseen companions through the churchyard. "Dear sir, you are ill," said Mary Stuart, in a sweet and hurried tone of voice—and no other answer was given but a long deep groan, that sounded as if it rose up in pangs from the bottom of a broken heart.

They walked along tinge her in sorrow, fear, and astonishment, at this sudden change in the looks of their new friend, whose eyes, when they ventured to look towards either of them, were wild and ghastly, and every glance accompanied with a deeper and bitterer sigh. "For the love of God—let us, if possible, retire from the crowd—and lead me to some retired place, that I may utter a few words, and then hide myself forever from your face."

They walked along a footpath that winded through a coppice wood, and crossing a plank over a rivulet, in a few moments they were in a little glen, as lonely as if it had been far among the mountains. "No houses are in this direction," said the mother somewhat agitated and alarmed, she knew not why—and they sat down together on a seat that had been cut out of the fern by the hands of some shepherd, or school-boy, in his hours of play. "Mary, bring some water from that pool—Mr. Ashton looks as if about to faint. My dear sir, are you better now?" and the beautiful girl bathed his forehead with the cold limpid water, till he felt the sickness depart, and his soul revive.

He rose up from the seat, and looking steadily on their countenances, and then lifting his eyes to Heaven, he sank down on his knees before them—and said, "My name is now Ashton, but it was not always so—hateful, horrible, and accursed, must that other name be to your ears—the name of Edward Stitwell."

(To be continued.)

DR. WATTS.—It was so natural to Dr. Watts, when a child to speak in rhyme, that even at the very time he wished to avoid it he could not. His father was displeased at this propensity, and threatened to whip him if he did not leave off making verses. One day he was about to put his threats into execution, the child burst out into tears, and on his knees, said "Pray, father, do some pity take,
And I will no more verses make!"

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE BROWN MUG OF CIDER.

Philadelphia may boast of her Porter and Ale, The like pure amber, the other so pale; She may flaunt the rich virtues of heart-warming beer;

And sing of peach brandy, the Irishman's cheer— Unshaken by custom, I'll choose for myself The brown mug of cider that stands on the shelf:

The neat mug of cider,
The dear mug of cider,
The brown mug of cider that stands on the shelf.

The praises of Bacchus his votives may sing,
To the jolly old drinker their sacrifice bring;
With bays let them crown the blithe god of the vine,

While they bow at his altar, I'll worship at mine;

For dear to this palate, aye, dearer than pelf,
Is the brown mug of cider that stands on the shelf:

The neat mug of cider,
The dear mug of cider,
The brown mug of cider that stands on the shelf.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEWARK.

I love the man within whose breast Contentment's even currents flow, Who calmly thinks his little best, And numbers on the bed of ease.

I love the man whose tutor'd will bows when the cup of wo is given, Who sees, display'd in every ill, The overwrought heart of Heaven.

Who, when his son his vet'ran form Mid disappointment's shattering blast, Can stand unruffled by the storm,
And merely smile upon the past. C. H.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TO —

Not I endure this piercing smart,
And dare not breathe one single sigh,

Remember, Mary, though we part,
Your name to me is always nigh!

C. H.

THE UNION CANAL LOTTERY.
TICKETS AND SHARES
FOR SALE AT
P. CANFIELD'S
Philadelphia State Lottery Office, No. 127, Chestnut street, nearly opposite and opposite the Post Office and United States' Bank.
And where the cash will be paid for all prizes, sold at the above office, as soon as drawn. Orders, now paid, thankfully received, and promptly attended to—and Cash drawn within the most favorable terms. The original of all shares Tickets sold at the above office, will be deposited in the hands of the Manager, for the security of the purchaser.
Philadelphia, Sept. 7, 1822.—it



EXTRAORDINARY NOVELTY.
A LIONESS, and her three Whelps, are now to be seen at No. 360 Market, between Tenth and Eleventh streets. The Lioness is finely proportioned, and possesses a degree of agility beyond imagination. She is remarkably gentle, and will suffer her keeper to take her Whelps from the cage. Visitors may also handle and examine them in the same manner. Admittance 25 cents—Children half price. Open every day, from 8 to 10 o'clock in the evening. Sept 14—St*



THIS EVENING, Sept. 14,
The performance will commence with
HORSEMANSHIP by the whole Troop.
Clowns, Mr. Williams,
A new Scotch Ballet, got up under the direction
of Mr. Parker, called

The Highland Laddie;
Or, the Female Archer.
In the course of the Ballet, a variety of Scotch
Dancing, by Mr. and Mrs. Parker, and the rest of
the Company.

Grand Entrée, with a magnificent display of
beautiful Horses.

Mr. Tatnall will go through his wonderful feats of Horseman-hip, in which he stands unrivaled.

Mr. Carnes will go through a variety of feats of Horseman-ship.

Still Vaulting, by the Troop of Flying Phenomena, viz. Messrs. Yeaman, Carnes, Rogers, Roper, &c.—Clown, Mr. Williams.

An elegant display of Slack Wire performances, by Miss Dupree.

In the course of the evening, a comic Song by Mr. Honey.

The performance will conclude with the favorite
Pantomime of

THE SPOIL'D CHILD.

Doors open at half past 6, and performance to commence at half past 7 o'clock.

Tickets to be had at the Circus from 9 until 2 o'clock, and during the evening.

Boxes 50 cents; children under 10 years of age, coming with families, to the boxes 25 cents. It's, 25 cents.

The end of the Pit is partitioned off for People of Colour.

Cheeks not transferable. No Smoking allowed in the Theatre.

An elegant pair of Twin Bay Horses; also, a Stud and a Grey, for sale. Apply at the Box Office. Sept. 14—It

TO THE PUBLIC.

The subscriber after having received such an ample share of public patronage, would be wanting in something more readily conceived than expressed, did he not express his gratitude on the occasion. He therefore most respectfully returns his sincere thanks to all for the favour received, and trusts by his future exertions to merit a continuance of public approbation. In the Union Canal Lottery, 10th class, which has just closed, the following capital prizes were sold and paid at his Office, viz :

No. 585	\$1000	No. 23	\$300
517	1000	8235	300
19637	1000	7191	300
10682	1000	12369	300
19617	1000		

No. 19441, 17285, 17286, 8332, 3178, 3663, 2761, 16383, 7571, 6272, 6360, 18387, 17064, 489, 433, 1080, 4696, each \$100

Broad large number of \$30, &c.

Being a larger number than was sold and paid by any other broker in the same lottery. May he not then, with confidence, claim the attention of the public and his friends, to the following scheme of the Union Canal Lottery, new series, the merits of which will be discovered by a mere perusal! The mode of drawing is already familiar to the public, and therefore needs no explanation.

UNION CANAL LOTTERY,

THIRD CLASS—NEW SERIES.

1 prize of	\$7500 is		
2 do.	2300 is	2500	
2 do.	2000 is	2000	
1 do.	1500 is	1500	
3 da.	1000 is	1000	
1 da.	750 is	750	
1 do.	500 is	500	
1 do.	400 is	400	
3 da.	300 is	300	
1 da.	265 is	265	
20 da.	50 is	50	
90 do.	25 is	22.50	
180 do.	20 is	18.00	
2175 do.	10 is	9.75	

2483 Prizes, \$45813

6342 Tickets, at \$7 each, \$45813

To be drawn in five minutes, on the 31st day of October next, and the prizes paid immediately thereafter.

Whole tickets \$8, halves \$4, quarters \$2, eighth \$1. Tickets for sale at

GIBBS'S

TRUE LUCKY OFFICE,

No. 44 SOUTH THIRD STREET.

Who will advance the cash for prizes the most.

Union Canal and Pennsylvania State Lottery money received in payment for tickets, &c.

Apply as address to JOHN GIBBS, Lottery Broker, No. 44 South Third street, Philadelphia.

It will be remitted that No. 2501, the prize of

£1000, in the 10th class, was sold and paid at Gibbs's

Lottery office, before other capitals.

For the last week.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SKETCHES—No. VIII.

FANCY.

—And give to airy nothing,
A local habitation and a name."

Fancy is that power within us that forms its own images, or gives an additional colouring to the scenes of reality. It has been sometimes considered synonymous with imagination—but it is not in reality so, as the latter implies a more extensive range of the mind, or rather a more expansive tone of thought. Dr. Beattie, in his moral sciences, says, "Imagination employed in its more trivial exertions is called fancy. A sublime Poet is a man of vast imagination; a witty author is a person of lively fancy."

Imagination is generally the operation of the intellect in search of novelty and things unknown. Invention is but an effort of the imagination aided by experience and experiment. Fancy is more strictly a whim or the meteor flash of the imagination, which dazzles the senses more than it affects the reason.

Poetry requires the aid of fancy. It is insipid without some portion of it. It is generally the effusion of the moment,—intended to please, rather than instruct,—and without the flowery images of the authors fancy, it even fails in that humble capacity. Poetry is a light branch of literature, which operates more upon our sensibility and trivial passions than our sober sense. But it is an important branch when read with judgment, as a mental recreation. It has a wonderful effect in exciting our tenderness and our sympathies, and greatly tends to destroy the *tedium vita*, which the more serious occupations and studies of our lives are apt to produce. The mind is ever fond of occasional novelty—and an indulgence sometimes is not only pleasing but salutary—"They who are in danger from a melancholy imagination, (says Beattie,) will do well to study nothing but what is amusing and practical."

But much judgment and care are necessary to control our propensities to this sort of indulgence. As fancy has so much power over the senses, a continued attention to it will indubitably lead the mind from a relish for more important and substantial studies,—and induce us to favour plausible fiction more than truth and reality. It is the province of fancy to explore the regions of immaturity, and the more we encourage its flights the more do we become indifferent to substantial pursuits. This is a fact which daily experience corroborates. Like the illusions of pleasure, in proportion as we are fascinated by the sensibilities of life are we opposed to serious and religious exercises.

Much light and fanciful reading impairs, rather than strengthens the intellect. Nearly every feature of the mind is formed by habit and education. How particular therefore should we be in the mode of cultivating it!—How careful should we be in the choice of our literature and our society!—Lame and fanciful friends are as dangerous as fanciful books; either may prove destructive to the strength of our mental faculties, and induce us likewise to indulge in levities and trifles.

To give loose rein to our fancies will implant in us many romantic notions. It will lead us to imagine islands where they least exist—to engender suspicion, and tend to sink the mind into melancholy. An imagination disordered by melancholy (says an excellent author) is one of the greatest calamities incident to human nature."

Nothing perhaps is more likely to afflict us with hypochondriacal notions than by dwelling too much upon false colouring, and the delusive phantoms of the mind.

Sep. 9th, 1822.

PASQUIN.

Weekly Compendium.

FOREIGN.

Nothing can afford a more striking contrast than the variance of salaries paid to the first-rate performers of former and of present times. Miss Lavina Fenton (afterwards Duchess of Bolton) was tempted by Mr. Rich from the Haymarket to Covent-garden, in the year 1728, by a salary of fifteen shillings per week. On the success of the Beggar's Opera to secure this valuable actress, he raised it to thirty shillings!

and such was the rage of the town respecting her, that she was obliged to be guarded home every night by a considerable party of her confidential friends, to prevent her being run away with! In 1805, the Young Roscius received in salary benefit to the amount of five hundred guineas per week; and the country managers were conspiring how to run away with him from London, upon terms as preposterously extravagant.

The British foreign and patent Printing Machine.—This machine is particularly recommended to the notice of printers of newspapers from its rapidity of action, and to the printers of books from its accuracy in making register. It is capable of taking 20 impressions per minute, or 1200 an hour, with the power of one man only to turn it, it moves upon smooth level surfaces, and entirely without the noise and friction occasioned by the employment of toothed wheels or racks.

The following fact, recorded by Stabo, affords a strong and singular proof of the ignorance of the ancients with respect to the situation of the various parts of the earth. When Alexander marched along the Banks of the Hydaspes, and Acesine, two of the rivers which fall into the Indus, he observed that there were many crocodiles in those rivers, and that the country produced beans of the same species as those which were common in Egypt. From these circumstances he concluded that he had discovered the source of the Nile, and prepared a fleet to sail down the Hydaspes to Egypt!

A French paper, alluding to a storm which lately took place in the commune of Chevreuse, in New-Hampshire, Mr. Caleb Towle, a wealthy and respectable farmer, whose height is 5 feet 10 inches, girth 7 feet, and weight 515 pounds. He is obliged to use a second chair for the more bulky part of his frame.

Murder.—A man named Henry Lowry was killed on Saturday last, at Coventry township, West Chester county, (Pa.) by one Daniel Doyle. They both worked at the Schuylkill canal, were both in liquor, and the dispute originated about a worthless female. After Doyle had beaten Lowry with a stick till he died, he attempted to cut his own throat, but failing, he was committed to jail on Monday morning.

The Caliph Soliman died of indigestion in his camp near Chalcis, in Syria, as he was preparing to lead the remaining forces of the East, to prosecute the second siege of Constantinople. He had captured two baskets of eggs and of figs which he swallowed alternately, and the repast was con-

cluded with Marmalade and sugar. In one of his pilgrimages to Mecca, Soliman ate at a single meal 70 pomegranates, a kid, six fowls, and a huge quantity of the grapes of Tayer. If the bill of fare be correct we must admire the appetite rather than the luxury of the sovereign of Asia.

Achilles and Hercules.—Much has been already said on the "Brave Statue which has been set up" in London, by the ladies, in honour of the Duke of Wellington, as to its indecency, and much more is likely to be said, unless it is altered. King George III who was a marvellous close observer of matters of art, and an equal lover of decency, would doubtless have said, on beholding Achilles, something similar to what he is reported to have said on seeing a Colossal figure of Mr. Hercules at Wilton—

Strong fellow, hey, my Lord! strong fellow, hey! Clean'd stables! crack'd a lion like a flea! Kill'd snakes, great snakes, that in a cradle found him—

The Queen's coming—wrap an apron round him."

The Original of "Bobadil".—The original of Ben Johnson's Bobadil was an officer of high rank in the army of the Duke of Alva, who the haughty Philip II. sent to subdue the Netherlands. After the battle of Gissen, near Mons, in 1570, Strabo informs us, in his *Historia de Bello Belgico*, that, to fill Spain with the news, the Duke of Alva, as haughty in ostentation as in action, sent Captain Bobadilla to the King, to congratulate his Majesty upon the victory won by his arms and influence. The ostentation of the message, and still more of the person who bore it, was the origin of the name being applied to any vain-glory boast.

A new weekly paper, edited by a learned Hindoo, has been recently published in India, in the Bengalese language. It is the first attempt of the kind; but the first and second numbers were purchased with so much avidity that both were out of print. The subjects on which they treated were, the liberty of the native press, and the right of trial by jury. The title of the paper is as singular as its publication is novel. It is entitled "Swargabandha Connubium," or the "Moon of Intelligence."

Barber's wit.—A hair-dresser at Halifax informed one of his customers, the other morning, that he had just been finishing off an attorney in that place, who had departed soon after to York, to attend his professional duties at the Assizes. On which the gentleman inquired if he, the barber, had any cause to try there. "No," replied the operator with great neatness, "I had much rather shave a lawyer than let a lawyer shave me."

An important change is said to be in contemplation relative to the transportation of felons; as it has been found that banishment to a place so much praised as New South Wales has no terror to the guilty, it has been proposed to substitute Bermuda as the place of exile, and to employ the convicts on the numerous Government works commenced on that island. For the youthful convicts, it is proposed to send them to our settlements on the coast of Africa, there to be registered and disciplined, and, if possible, reformed.

Judicial pleasantries.—A lawyer, now deceased, a celebrated wag, was pleading before a Scotch Judge, with whom he was on most intimate terms. Happening to have a client, a female, defendant in an action, of the name of Tickle, he commenced his speech in the following humorous strain:—"Tickle, my client, the defendant, my Lord." The auditors, amused with the oddity of the speech, were almost driven into hysterics of laughter, by the Judge replying—"Tickle her yourself, Harry; you're as able to do it as I."

The last days of the Ramadan were distinguished in the suburbs by the greatest disorders; the Turkish baths were opened, and Turkish women and girls torn from them; the Grand Vizier repaired thither in disguise, but he was attacked by the mutineers, and tranquillity was not re-established till the Sultan had declared formally that he would quit Constantinople with all his court, and that he would carry the seat of Government to Asia, if tranquillity should not be established. The Government, aided by the Grand Vizier and Ibrahim Pacha, never displayed more force. The day before yesterday 84 young mutineers were executed in the streets, and the others dispersed. All the necessary measures for the protection of Peria had been taken.

Nicety of the law.—At one of our late Sessions, Daniel Cox and Joseph Franks were charged with stealing a duck; but the duck proving to be a drake, they were acquitted—*Wolverhampton Chronicle*.

A vessel, whose length is now ascertained to be about 60 feet, has, within a few days past, been discovered near the wharf at Mathan, near Rotherhithe, in Kent, partly in the bank, and the keel under the bed of the river Rother, supposed to have been buried near five hundred years. A number of hands have been employed in digging about the same, with the intention of getting it out; some parts of human bones have been found, also a number of wooden barrels, and a gold-mounted lance. A number of visitors are daily arriving to view this ancient wreck, and it is expected some valuables may be found to remunerate the labourer.

An undutiful Son.—In the Court for the relief of Insolvent Debtors, the will of Mr. C——, was read, containing the following remarkable passage. "I leave to my undutiful son —, One Hundred Thousand Pounds."

The bones of the famous horse, Eclipse, in a case, are now offered for sale at 1000 guineas.

One of the papers mentions that a woman is employed as a watchman in a parish in the county of Surrey.

DOM

From our Economic road, our N.
We have finished reading a small volume
of Poetry just published by Mr. Wm. R.
Tarras, and we will not deny ourselves
the pleasure to recommend it to public no-
tice. Of this gentleman we know nothing,
but what we learn from his poems, yet we
feel an interest in him. There is a gentle-
ness of manner, a goodness of heart, a
mildness and gratefulness of disposition
in his writings which cannot lead us astray
as to the author. There breathes through
his poetry a strong feeling of Patriotism,
a love of liberty and a piety of soul which
must do good. There is not a line which
would mantle the cheek of virgin innocence
or cast down the eye of modesty. We feel
persuaded this little volume would have
been more noticed and more praised if it
were better known. We shall occasionally
submit some extracts in the hope they may
win their way to public approbation, con-
scious however, that the book would be
better understood and more justly appre-
ciated if it were in possession of the reader.
The price is a very trifle; the volume
is well worth what it costs; yet it is not
so much on these accounts as on others,
that we wish it to have general circulation.
If it be bought up, the kind and gentle
heart of its author will be gladdened, and
we are persuaded all who reads his works
will rejoice to gladden his heart.

COLOMBIAN REPUBLIC.

The important intelligence given below, was
received in a letter by the brig Zeno, Slade, arrv.
at this port:

"CRAZON, 13th August, 1822.
This day arrived a Dutch schooner from Ligua, in 16 hours bringing the following glorious news: General Morales, with 2000 men, marched from the 2d inst. from Porto Cabello, against Valencia and Caracas. They were met on the height of Borges by General Parc, and 750 men—as engaged ensued. Morales and his troops were completely routed, and only ninety men escaped alive. On the 5th inst., a party of Royal Spaniards, (400 men) landed by sea at Ocumare, they were met by a party of Republican troops, (350), a severe action took place, which lasted with spirit on both sides for two hours—when the Royalists, after losing 200 men, were compelled to surrender to the victorious arms of Colombia. So much for Liberty and Independence. Viva la Republic."

Accounts from Curacao received at New-York, ten days later than the above, mentions that Morale's field of the wounds which he received in the action on the day following his defeat.

Neel Combat.—Captain Bourne of the brig Hippomenes, arrived at New-York in 16 days from Curacao, states that a brother-in-law of Dr. Quackenboss, of N. York, armed at Curacao on the 22d ult., in a schooner from St. Thomas, which place he left the 15th of August, under convoy of U.S. schooner Grampus. This gentleman informed, that the same evening he sailed from St. Thomas, the Grampus was engaged several hours by the privateer Pancho, of Porto Rico—that in the morning the Grampus gave chase to the privateer, then under English colors, afterwards changed to Spanish. After being hailed, and informed of the character of the Grampus, the privateer fired a broadside into her. The Grampus then sheered alongside, and put full broad-side into the privateer, when she immediately surrendered, was boarded, and found in a sinking condition, with 112 killed and wounded. The Grampus brought her into St. Thomas the same night. The Panchetta mounted 8 twelve pounders, and a long tom, and had 92 men.

The way mail between New-York and Philadelphia, was stolen from behind the mailcoach on the night of the 9th inst. and enveloped in the portmantau broken open.—The fragments of letters were found in a field about a mile from Princeton, N. J. and were sent to the Postmaster of Philadelphia. They have been carefully collected and transmitted to their original places of destination as far as they could be ascertained.

Nothing of value has escaped the hands of the robbers, except two promissory notes amounting to nearly 1400 dollars.

One most horrid transaction took place at the last in Boston on the night of Friday, the 1st inst. about 12 o'clock. It appears that Edward Trask, Francis Durgen and John Newman were all confined in one room. At about midnight Trask got up and went to Newman's bed, where he was sleeping, and without giving him the least notice of his intention, with a sharp instrument of some kind he cut open his stomach, where he was in another part of the room, awake and coming to Newman's assistance was met by Trask, who stabbed him in the breast in several places, and he could probably have inhumanly butchered him both, had not their cries brought the pitch to their assistance. They are both considerably dangerously wounded. Trask the person who was concerned with the State Prison riot in October last, and was acquitted on the ground of insanity—Newman and Durgen are considered for theft. Trask refuses to answer questions put to him respecting the violin he has the instrument used by him. Trask has been fitted with a complete suit of irons, and is now chained to

EFFECTS OF SUPERSTITION.
When the census was taken in Spain, says the Monthly Magazine, in 1787, the number of inhabitants of that country, confirmed in cloisters for monasteries, was 32,600. In the single city of Madrid, there were, in 1805, no less than twenty thousand, the new Constitution and laws of which, have suppressed these worse than useless monasteries, and the proceeds have been appropriated for the public service.

Handfuls of essential oil of lavender, distributed in the house, will drive away bugs or fleas.

U. S. Frigate Constitution.

From a letter on board the U. S. Frigate Constitution, bound Gibraltar, August 1, gives the following account of the cruise of that vessel from Smyrna, via Smyrna:

The Constitution sailed from Messina on the 1st of July, for Smyrna, the corvette Ontario, and sloop-of-war, Nonsuch, in company—these three comprising our squadron in the Mediterranean. They entered the Archipelago on the 16th, and arrived at Milo on the 17th. There they took a Greek pilot to carry them to Smyrna. In the night they perceived at some distance a pretty large fire, and in about thirty minutes, they heard a great explosion. Next day (18th) they met an Austrian brig-sail, her a boat, and at her return they were informed that the captain of the brig had been stopped by the Turkish fleet, composed of thirty to forty ships, and then in view, of which ten or twelve were battle ships, or frigates, by whom the captain of the brig had been badly treated, and wounded in several places with daggers. On this information, our commodore, Captain Jones, turned the ships, and followed the brig, which having continued her way was already at some distance. Our squadron soon reached her, and having again sent a boat aboard, brought her captain, who repeated to our Commodore the bad treatment he had received from the Turks. He also related, that the preceding evening a party of the Greeks had taken two fire ships, full of combustibles, with which they had aimed at setting fire to the two admiral ships of the Turkish fleet; and that only one of them had succeeded; that this had been so well executed, that in a few minutes the ship, being that of the Captain Pacha, was in a blaze, and had been blown up; and that was the explosion which was heard the preceding night. It was an 80 gun ship with a crew of 2000 men, of which about 300 were saved, the rest having been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Non-such. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and consequently six sail. The next day (19th) we saw the crows of the ship which had been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague,

